ROYALL MEDITATIONS FOR EASTER.

Or ENTHUZIASMES on
The *Death* and *Passion* of our late Lord and Soveraigne
KING *CHARLES* the First,
of Sacred Memory.

Who was Martyred for His People *and the* Lawes
January 30. *An. Dom.* 1649.

WITH
The *Loyall Subjects* Cordiall PRAYER
(For King Charls II)
His good succesſe over all His *Enemies.*

AND
A CURSE to CROMWEL and his Confedrates.

Printed in the Yeer. 1650.

(For King Charles II)

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MEDITATIONS
FOR
EASTER.

An Elegy *on the Death of that* Royall *Martyr*, King CHARLS *the First, murdered at his own gate.* Jan. 30. 1628.

SEe how the *mourners* walke about the ſtreet,
Each pallid face ſeeming a winding-ſheet
Wherein great *Charls*, though dead, inbalm'd doth lie
With tears, *true-hearts* ſighing out *Elegie*.
What! doe I dream? or is he dead indeed?
Alas he is, and in our hearts doth bleed;
Thoſe hearts which were inflam'd for him with zeal,
Doe now with groans ring his moſt mournful peal,
Whilſt poyſon'd tongues of *Rebells* ring his knell,
And only doe his death unto us tell,
Which is by Murder, in it's ſun-day dreſs,
And in it *Gods good ſervice* they profeſs:
Their killing face, with *vizor* fair they vaile,
Beleeving 'tis no ſin to *act*, but *fayle*.
Our ſtreets, like *Rome*, in *Silaze* dayes, did ſtreame
With *native blood*; but now with blood *ſupreame*.
Waſt not enough his *Crown* to take, but muſt
They take His head too? and lay both in duſt!
O cruell *rage!* Is this done like a Saint?
Then Saints wee muſt like *two-fac'd devills* paint.
In their high *Court of Juſtice!* wee, ſad wee!
Aſtræa baniſh'd, as the *Queen* may ſee.
Are theſe the Saints baptis'd in *Iordans* flood,
Who *baptize* KINGS in a *Red-ſea* of *blood*?

Thinking to arive at *Canaan* through that *Sea*,
Though *cruelty* allows their curſed *plea*.
Tremble *curſt crew*, though Him you've put to death,
His *blood's* a *mouth* with a nere dying breath,
Calling you *Rebells*, damn'd *Abyrams* ſeed,
Who killing Kings, makes all *true Subjects* bleed.
Your *Plott* by poyſon could not worke, becauſe
His *publique death* might poyſon your *new Lawes*.
And whilſt the *Seane* is *London*, men may ſay
That was *Prologue* and *Epilogue* toth' *Play*,
Tragick in killing CHARLS, of Kings the beſt,
By *Traytors* ſlaine, in earneſt, not in jeaſt.
London lament; His precious *blood* your *gold*
Oth' *Scots* did buy, who their King baſely ſold,
Acquitting *Barrabas*, and *Chriſt*-killing
In his *Vicegerent*, our moſt Bleſſed KING,
Who *Crown'd with Glory* ſits on heavens *Throane*,
That ſuffered here, for *no ſins of his owne*.
Fairfax and *Cromwell*, you two *Poles* that turne
The *Axle-tree* of *State*; Look yee to burne
I'th' fire of Hell, unleſſe ye thinke to win
Heaven as well as *England* by your ſin:
O rare effects of your *religious warre*,
When *Rebells* judge, and KINGS ſtand at the *Barre*!
Beleeve and tremble Devills; *His* bleſt Name
Eterniz'd to his glory, and your ſhame:
The *Prince* (as *Hannibal*) ſtands at your gates,
Threatning to overthrow your *new-found States*.

Two ſeverall EPITAPHS, Sacred *To the aternall* Memory *of* King *CHARLS the Firſt*.

I.

HEre lies KING *Charls* the Firſt, the Great,
Valliant, although unfortunate;
The true Religious, Vertuous Prince,
Condemned, for his Innocence;

The

The Lawes Protector, three Kingdoms chaffer,
Faiths Defender, yet a *Martyr*,
Let Men and Angels therefore ſing,
Here reſts King *Charls*, the Chriſtian King.

II.

If to ſubdue ones ſelf? if to obtaine
A conqueſt o're the *Paſſions*, were to reigne?
Here lyes as great a King, to ſay no more,
As can come after, or as went before.

A Croſtick *upon the* Letters *of His moſt Sacred* Majeſties *Name.*

C ome *Muſes* nine, lament with me;
H ave ye not cauſe, when CHARLS ye ſee?
A nd when ye have wept almoſt your laſt,
R ejoyce at full, ye wept ſo faſt;
L oe here's a Myſterie devine,
E nviron'd in ſo mean a Shrine;
S ee here's a King! whoſe Innocenſe

S eems to proclaime *Heavens Providence*
T o all the World; ſee, and admire!
E ternall Wiſdome rays'd him higher,
W hen moſt of men, did judge his ſtate,
A s if't had been unfortunate;
R ays'd then ſublime, by Gods decree,
T o cauſe him reigne Eternally.

The Loyall Subjects *cordiall* Quere, *how, and by what means His late* Majeſty *of* Great Brittane *fell? together with a* Reſolve.

HOw fell the Royall *Oake*? by a baſe crew
Of Mungrill *Shrubbs*, which underneath him grew.
How fell the *Lyon*? by a pack of *Curres*;
So the *Roſe* wither'd, 'twixt a knot of *Burres*.

How

How fell the *Eagle*? by a ſwarm of *Gnats*,
So the *Whale* periſh'd, by a ſhoale of *Spratts*;
How fell our *Saviour*? by a *Judas* kiſſe,
So fell King CHARLS by many *Iudaſſes*,
Thus heaven, earth, water, aire aſpir'd as one
To ſettle CHARLS, in a *triumphant Throane*.

An Elegy, *Sacred to the eternall memory of his unparalell'd late* Majeſty, *King* Charls *the Firſt*.

EMpty my ſoul with ſighs, and mayſt thou be
More quick then flame, who by ſtrange deſtinie
Mounts nimbly towards its *center*; let us rear
A pile of *ſighs*, and by each ſigh a tear,
To him, who only can relieve, and ceaſe
Our deſperate Jarres, our *hate* that ſtabs our *Peace*.
Come daughters of *Ieruſalem*, you that muſt
See all your glory buryed in the *duſt*,
Bring *ſackcloth* on your loynes, untye your *Treſs*,
Let aſhes, weeping, mourning be your dreſs,
Your meat, your driuk, and in every thing
Condole amayn, the loſſe of *Charls* your King,
Whoſe numerous Vertues, ſeemed to out-vye,
I had almoſt ſaid, even a *Deitie*.
True *King* indeed, for he ſubdued thoſe
That were his inward, boſome, native foes;
I mean his *Paſſions*, nor bore he leaſt of gall
To thoſe accurſed *Imps*, that caus'd his fall:
His fall ſaid I! oh, there I did miſtake,
'Twas ſuch a *fall*, as did him *glorious make*;
Malitious *envie* thought to caſt him downe,
And make him Infamous; But his death did crowne
Him truly Noble: thoſe that did ſee him die
Are well aſſur'd, *He* lives immortally:
He ſmil'd at Death, as if he did foreſee,
That was his *way* unto *Eternitie*;
He ſtood to fall, and falling he will ſtand
Renownd for ever; O unhappy Land,

That

That ſpeak thee happy once, now doth begin,
The Devill, and his Saints, to uſher in
Their worſt of malice, under a fayre pretence,
They'l make thee happy, by ſtrange Providence;
'Tis ſtange indeed; Heavens doctrine doth proclaime
Kings his annointed; touch not them againe,
Is his appointment, *vengeance is onely mine*,
And donbtleſſe he will pay them home in time.
Thou didſt forgive them all, ſo they repent,
I wiſh they might; Heaven then will ſure prevent
Notorious evills, and with his all aſſent,
Crowne thee a King, in heavens Parliament,
Whilſt *Charls* thy Son, heire as King ſhall reigne
In ſpight of thoſe who doe oppoſe the ſame.
'Tis heavens *decree* I'me ſure, that KINGS ſhould be
His *Deputies* on earth, to keep *us free*.

The Loyall Subjects *cordiall Prayer for His right Majeſty,*
CHARLS *the Seconds good ſucceſſe.*

GOd bleſs our Soveraigne Lord, good *Charls* our King,
May all ſuch bleſſings, as from heaven doe ſpring
Surround him; May his Victory and health
Make this Land flouriſh, in love, peace, and wealth:
May every *ſeaſon*, as attendant be,
To adde to Him, a new felicitie;
May the great King of Heaven, be his all Friend,
And may his ſacred Angells on him tend,
To keep Him from all ill, then crowne his dayes
With *Crowns of glory*, and eternall *Bayes*;
For who in after *Times* ſhall read his Story,
Shall finde compriz'd in him, all *vertues glory*.

A Curſe to Cromwell, *and his Iunto.*

LEet all your *ſeed* (like *Cains*) be runnagates,
And home-bred ſtriffes rend your *New perjur'd* States.

May

May *Leproſy* from ſowle unto the Towne,
Humble your *Pride*, bring your *ambition* downe:
May the *Kings Evill* taint you and your *race*,
And *Egypts Plagues* dogge you from place to place;
Till your more curſed *ſouls*, that never yet were true,
In ſtead of *Cæſar*, give th' *Devill* his *due*.

The Loyall Subjects DEPRECATION *and* IMPRECATION *againſt all thoſe who had the leaſt hand in the bloody Butcherly murdering of our late dread Soveraigne Lord King* Charls *the Firſt.*

Deprecation.

HEaven ſheild us from theſe *Antichriſtian* crew
That in their Soveraigns *blood*, their hands embrew;
For as 'twas the Act of *Mars*, ſo 'twas his day
On which our glorious *Sun* was ſnatch'd away;
Then from our better *Planets*, let's kick out
That *Demie Sodling*, with his rabble rout;
Accurſed *Traytors*, Miſcreants of Hell!
What Age, this horrid Act can paralell?
Call ye this *Libertie of Conſcience*?
Is this the off-ſpring of your fair *Pretence*?
The Scriptures tell us of a *Conſcience ſear'd*,
That's *your Diſeaſe*, 'tis greatly to be fear'd.
It was the ſinne of *Lucifer*, to be
Like the Moſt High, pure *ſindependencie*!
In this you differ; he aſpir'd to be
But like; but *you* above the *Deitie*.

Imprecation.

And now, wer't not a ſinne, I'de wiſh a place,
Farre worſe then *Hell*, for you and all your race.
Where you might never *Brimſtone* lack, nor fire,
Nor *Fiends* to give *Rebellion* it's due hire,
Where you might *ſtew* in *blood*, and after fry
In *endleſſe flames*, and wiſh, *but never die*.

FINIS.